



ALL NEW STORIES *and* ART



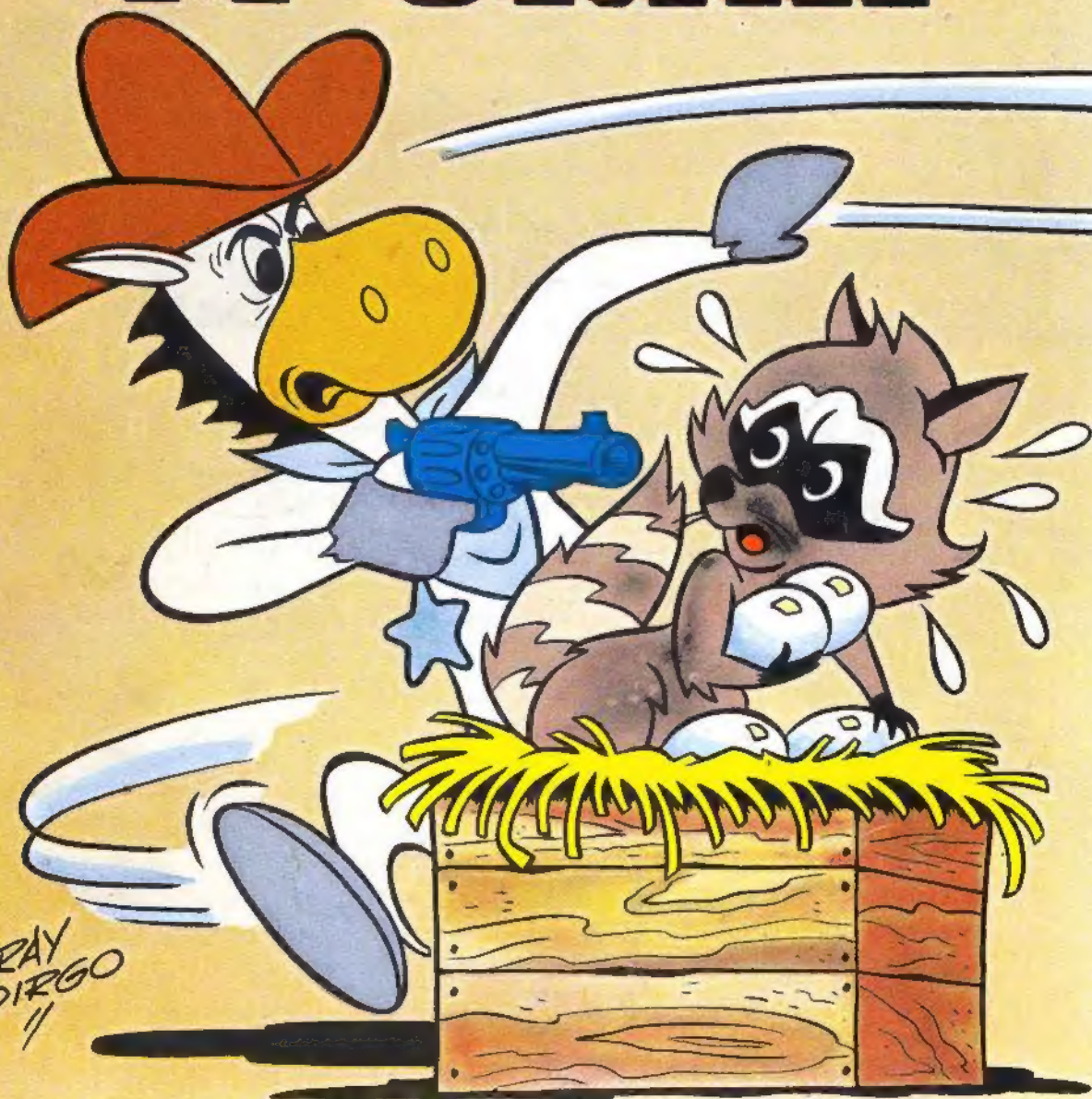
# QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

NO. 8  
JAN.  
CDC

20¢

QUICK DRAW MCGRAW



00754

RAY  
DIRGO



QUICK DRAW  
McGRAW

# The SHOWDOWN

BOY, WHAT  
A DAY! I'M  
PARCHED!

A LITTLE  
LIQUID  
REFRESHMENT,  
MY FRIEND!



0-2259

QUEEKSTRAW! QUEEKSTRAW!  
DIAPER DAN IS IN TOWN AND  
WANTS A SHOWDOWN  
OUT IN THE STREET  
IN FIVE MINUTES!



DIAPER DAN!! WELL  
JUST AS SOON AS I  
HAVE MY DRINK OF  
JOY JUICE...



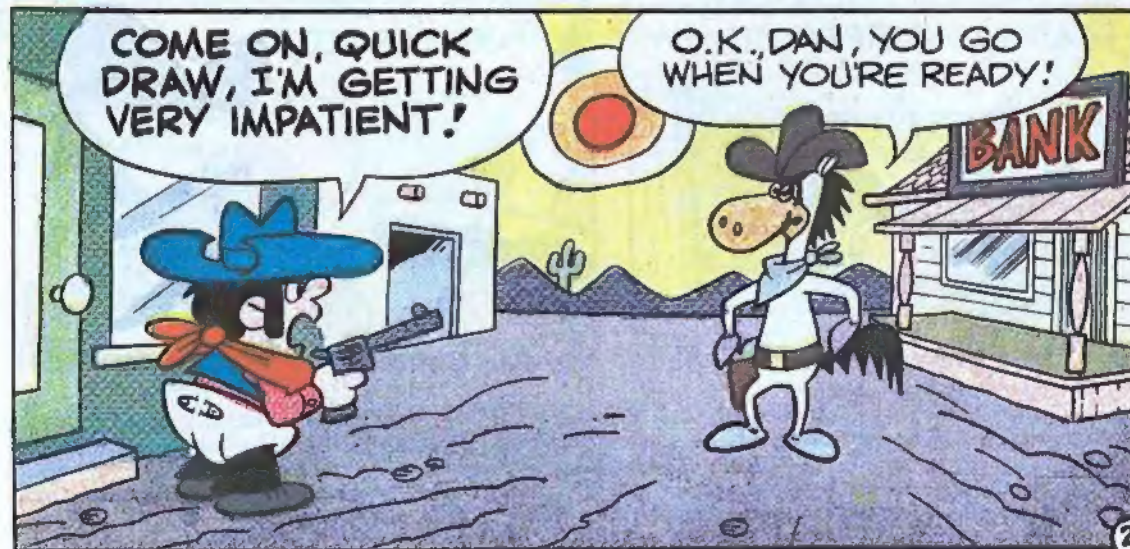
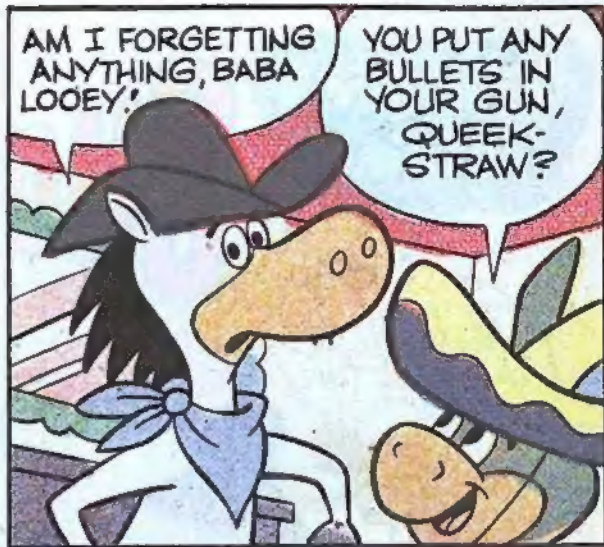
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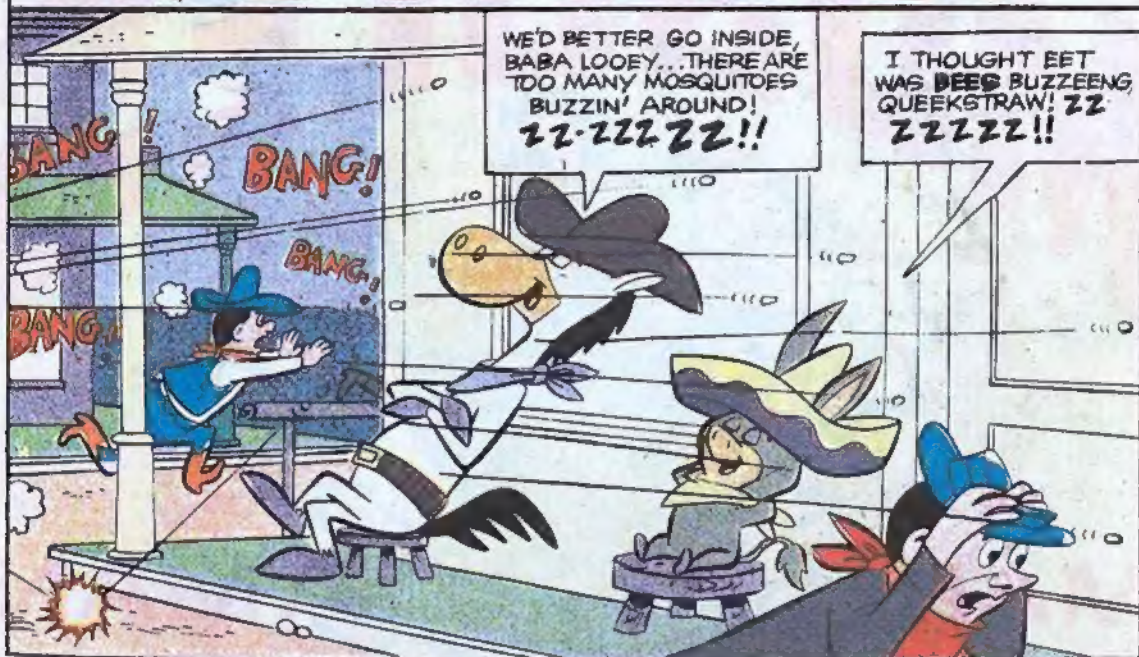








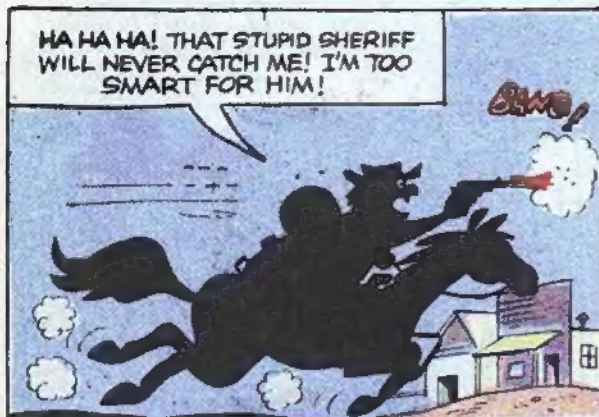
# QUICK DRAW MCGRAW in... **THE FUGITIVE!**



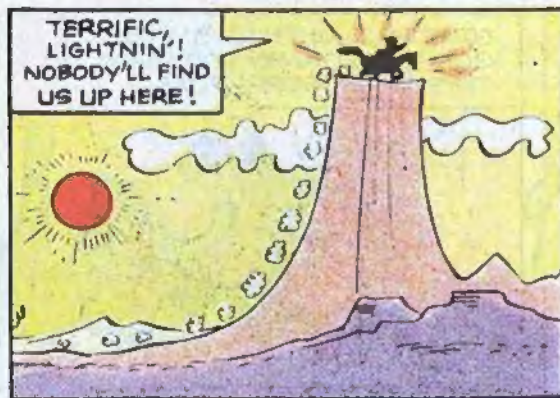




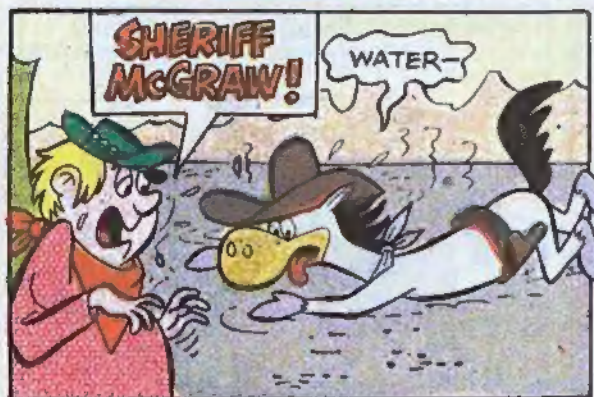




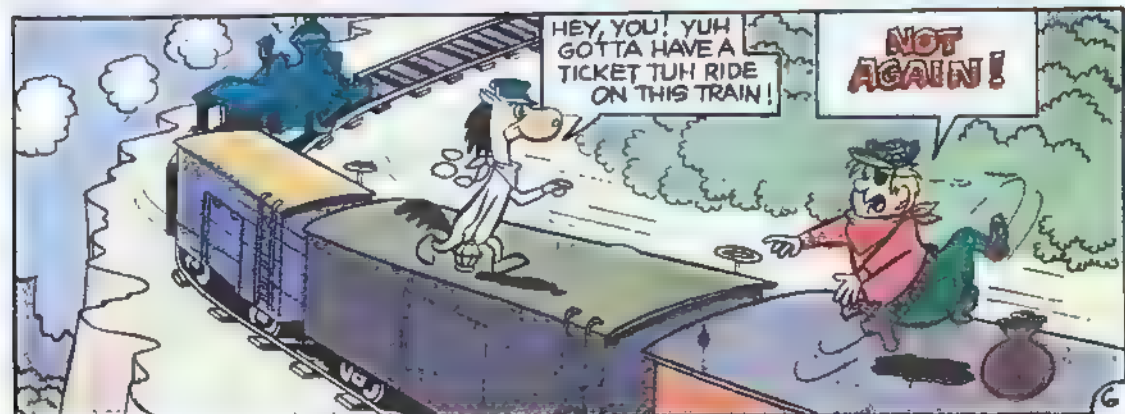
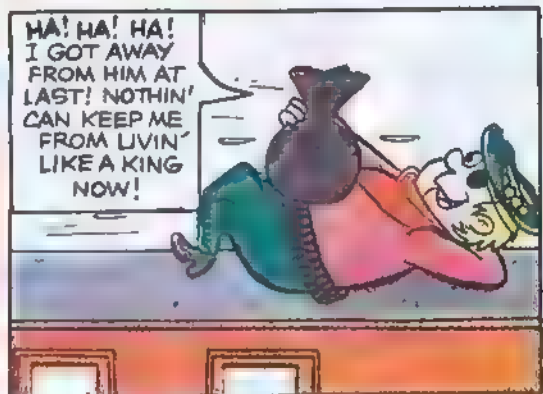
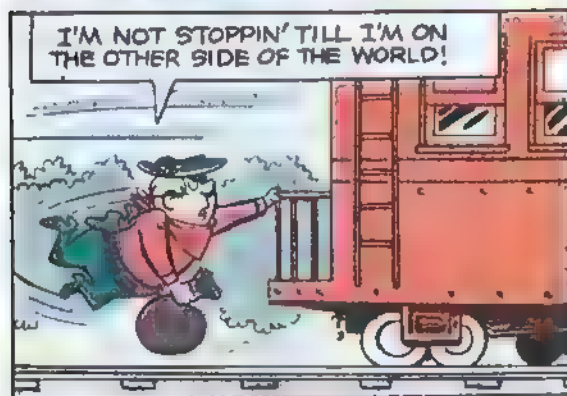
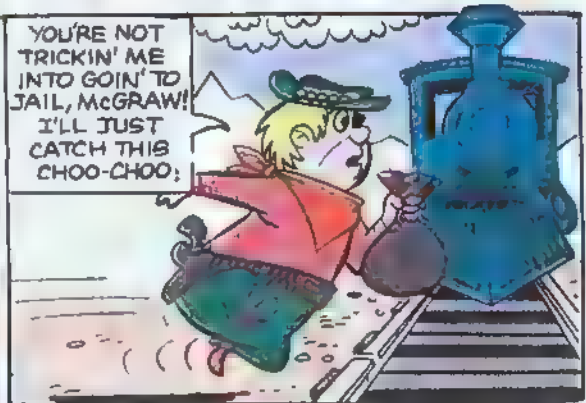
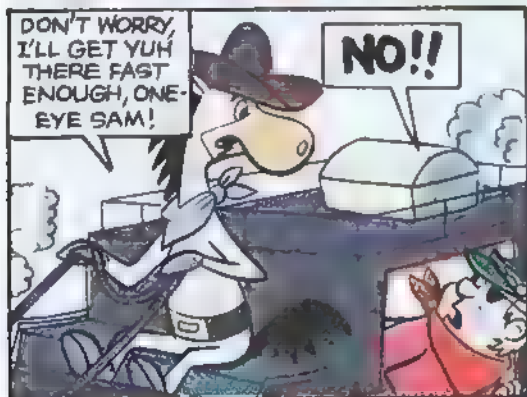






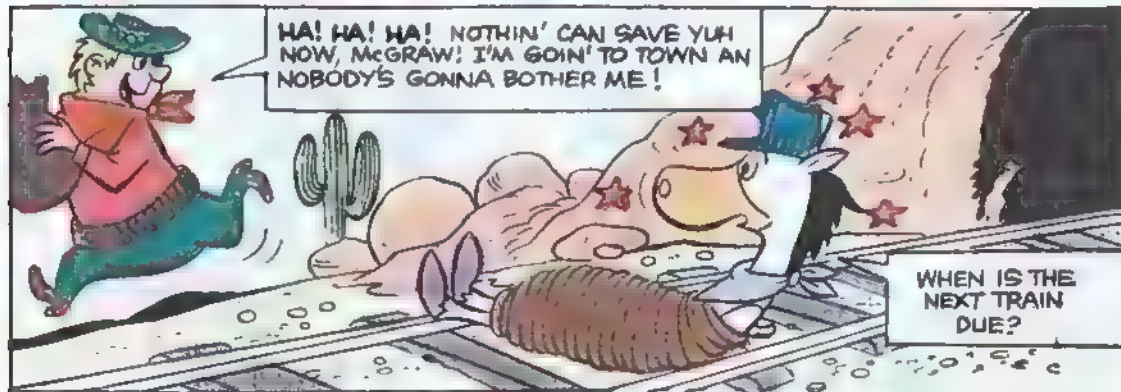
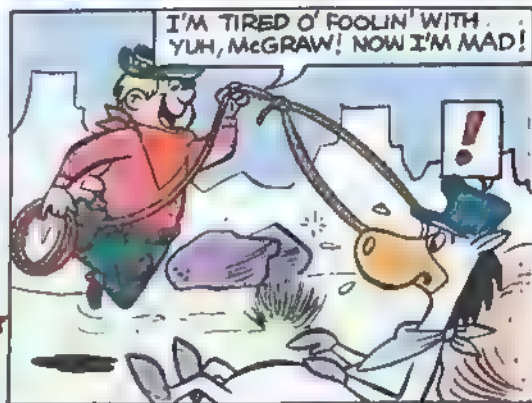
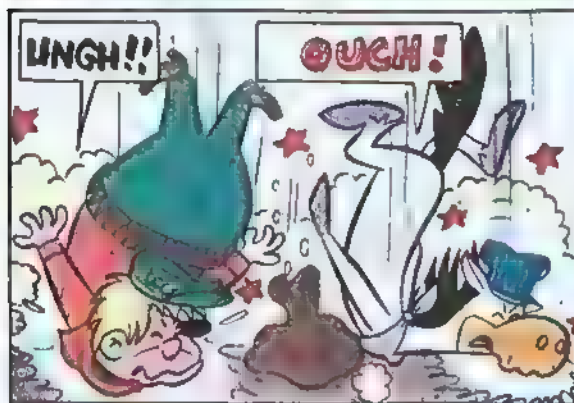
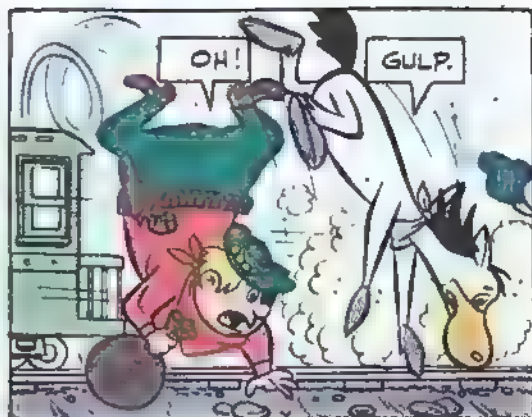
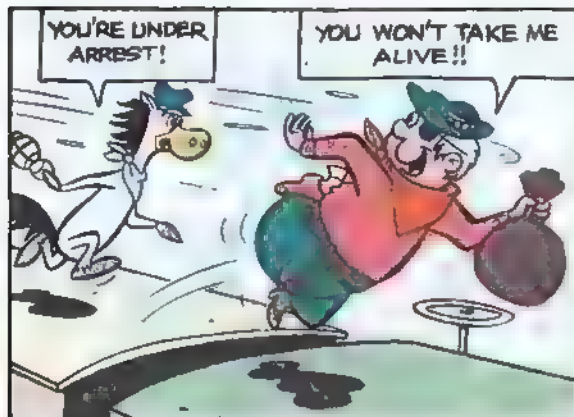




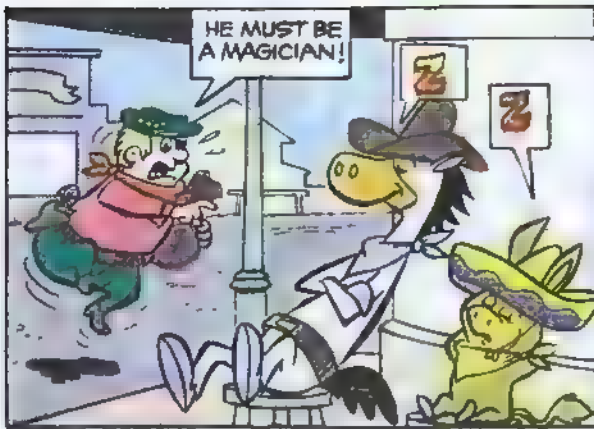


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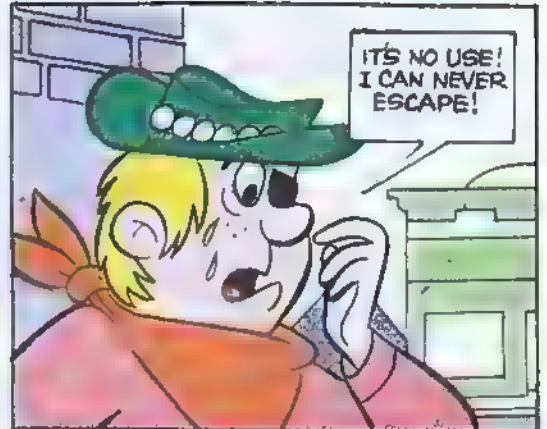




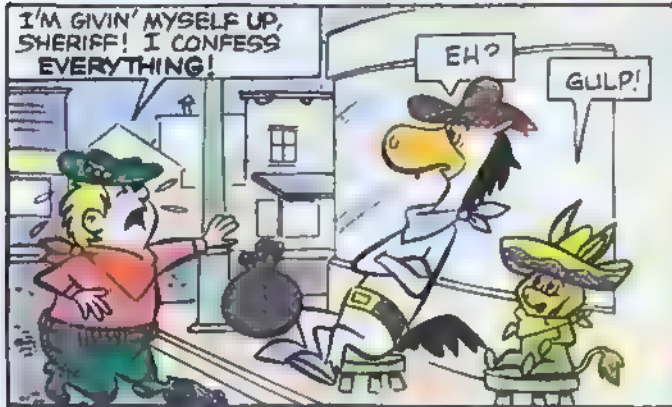




HE MUST BE  
A MAGICIAN!



IT'S NO USE!  
I CAN NEVER  
ESCAPE!



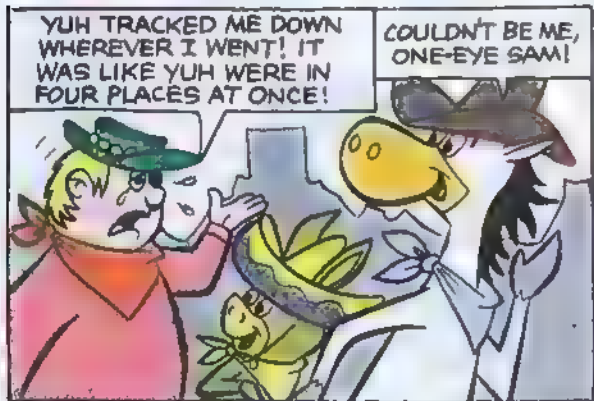
I'M GIVIN' MYSELF UP,  
SHERIFF! I CONFESS  
EVERYTHING!

EH?

GULP!

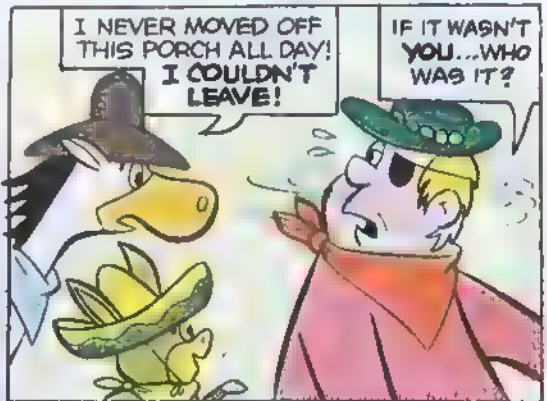


I NEVER HAD A CHANCE, SHERIFF!  
IT AIN'T FAIR! NO MATTER WHERE  
I RAN YOU WERE AHEAD OF ME!  
LOCK ME UP... I'M THROUGH!!



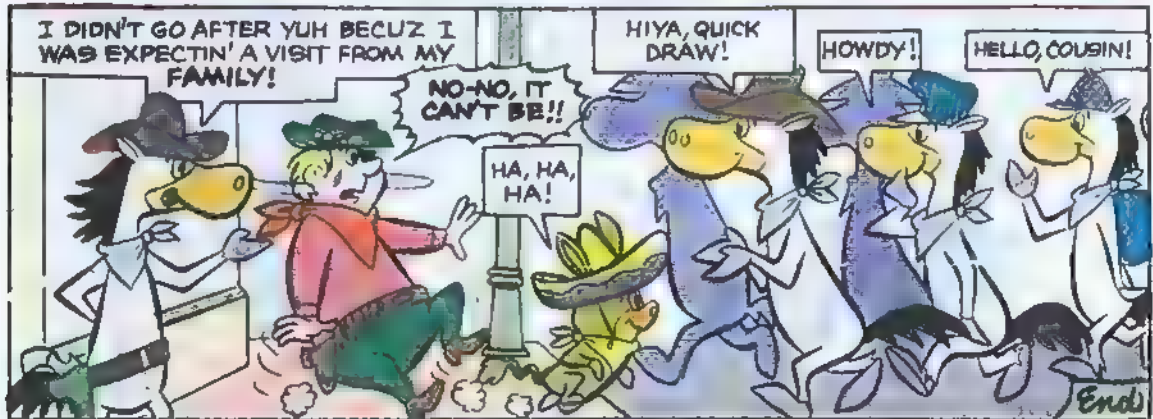
YUH TRACKED ME DOWN  
WHEREVER I WENT! IT  
WAS LIKE YUH WERE IN  
FOUR PLACES AT ONCE!

COULDN'T BE ME,  
ONE-EYE SAM!



I NEVER MOVED OFF  
THIS PORCH ALL DAY!  
I COULDN'T  
LEAVE!

IF IT WASN'T  
YOU...WHO  
WAS IT?



I DIDN'T GO AFTER YUH BECUZ I  
WAS EXPECTIN' A VISIT FROM MY  
FAMILY!

NO-NO, IT  
CAN'T BE!!

HA, HA,  
HA!

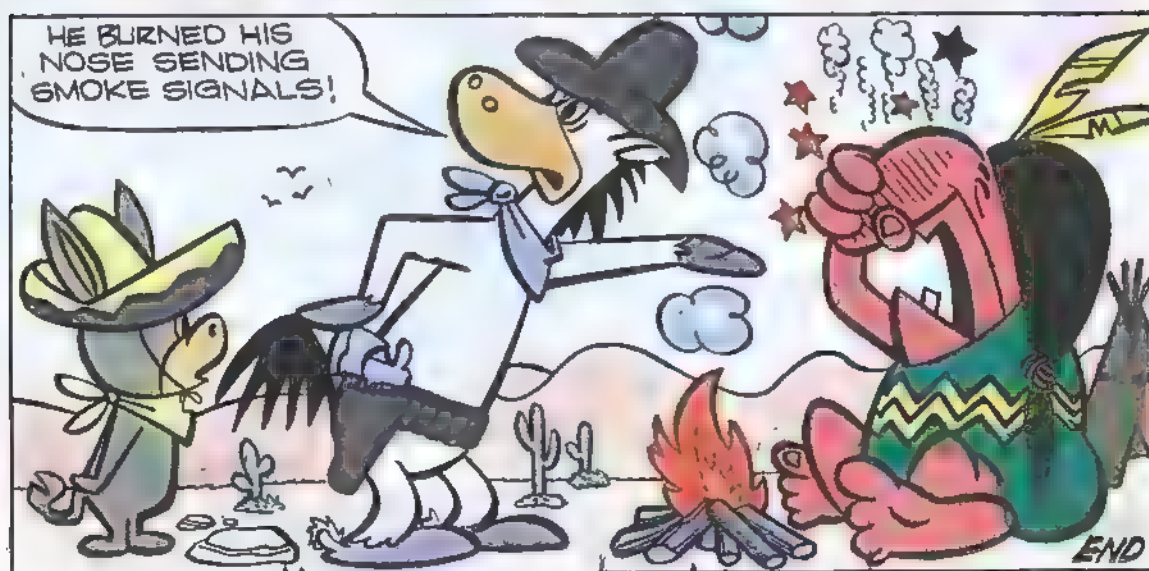
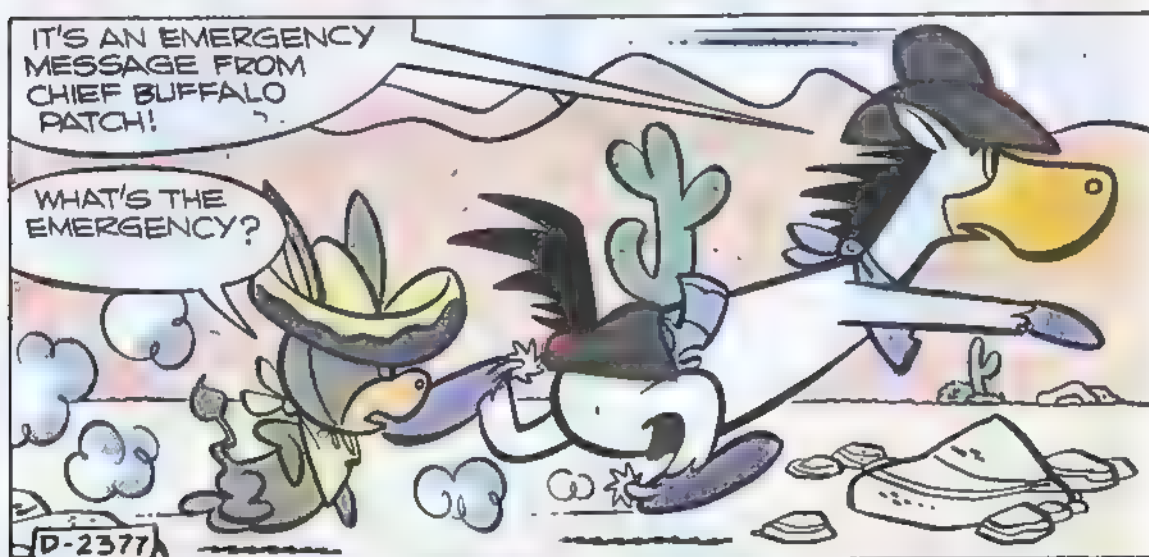
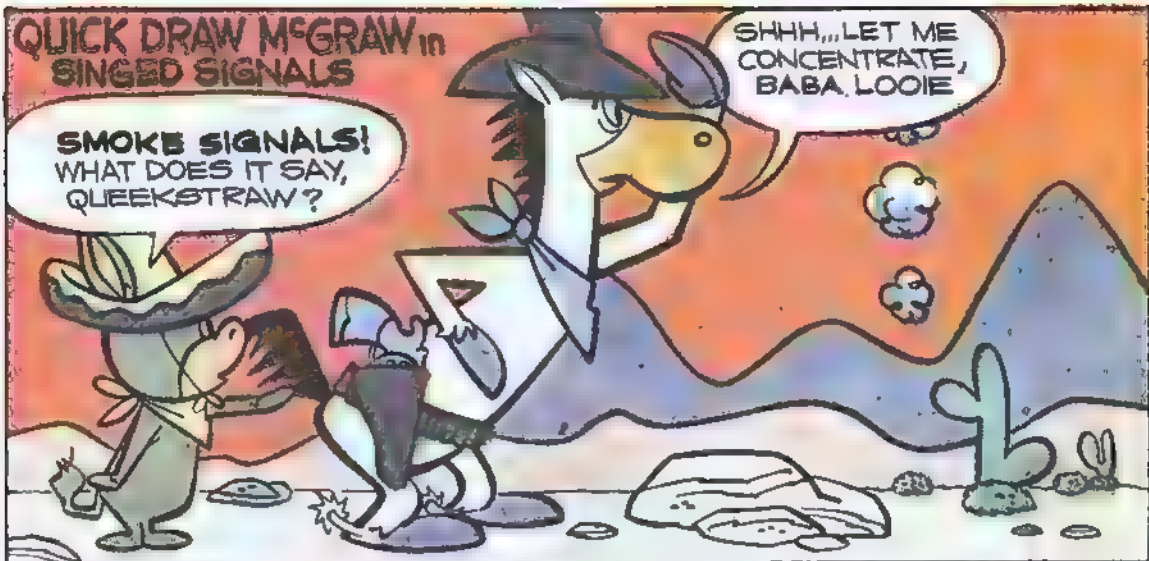
HIYA, QUICK  
DRAW!

HOWDY!

HELLO, COUSIN!

End!







# RIOT SQUAD

THIS CARTOONIST  
IS FOREVER DRAWING  
RANGER SMITH BAWLING  
ME OUT!

THAT'S NOTHING, YOGI!  
I'M THE FASTEST DRAW  
IN TH' WEST AND HE  
DRAWS ME SLOW!

YEAH, AND HE HAS  
OFFICER DIBBLE ON  
M' TAIL ALL THE TIME!

HE ALSO... HEY,  
LET'S DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT!

LOOK, FELLERS,  
A BOX OF ERASERS!

I HAVE A FEELING  
I'M NOT LIKED!

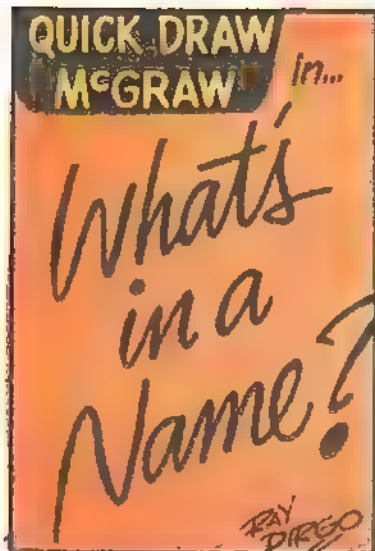
LET'S  
RUB  
HIM OUT!

END

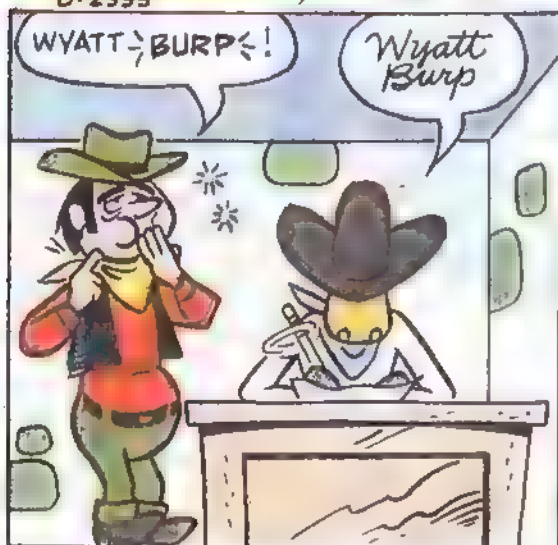
RAY DIRGO

WITH LUCK I  
MAY MAKE IT!





D-2395





# "Pauline Paulsen's Pies"



This is the fourth time I have rewritten the same story. The last version I did about five years ago. Don't blink your eyes and wonder why? I will tell you the reasons before I begin it again. First of all it is the only western story of its kind. A unique story if that is what you want to call it. Second, I have come across new facts. And the third reason is that I think I may turn it eventually into either a TV script or a book.

Her married name was Pauline Paulsen. Going back to her home town I learned her maiden name was Pauline Woodren. And as a little girl she didn't play with dolls. Instead she liked to go into the kitchen and bake her own cakes and pies. I came across a notation that she even baked a soap pie. Take it or leave it!

When she was just past 16 years of age she married Hiram Paulsen. He was a carpenter. They had three children, two girls and a boy. Then he became very ill and no longer could work at his trade. They didn't have any kind of financial aid in those days. So the little money they saved went very quickly. And he died. Leaving his widowed wife, the little children, and Grandpa Jeremiah Woodren. He had a soldier's pension of \$8.00 a month.

"There's a new world out west," she said to Grandpa. "We are going to the coast. We will sell the house. I will bake and sell my cakes and pies along the route."

"And if there be Injuns to bother us," added the old man, "I still kin fight and take care of 'em."

So they went to Independence, Missouri. There she bought the necessary equipment. Including an old dutch stove, dried fruits, and flour. Now she was in business! She joined a small wagon train and sold her products.

First stop was at Fort Benton. The soldiers there had never tasted anything like her cakes and pies. She received nine proposals of marriage but turned them down. Then an Indian by the name of Satechwana bought an apple pie and ate it.

"Make ten more like them," he said to her. "Bring them to my tribe."

Which she did and that was the turning point in her life. In fact it even saved her life. For two days later, the Indian returned and suggested she take her wagon and family and come to his village and bake some more pies.

"You can't do that," insisted Colonel John Merriweather. "You can't trust them."

He was wrong and right at that. She went to the village with Grandpa as her protector. Then alone they headed for the west coast. Only later was she to learn that the Indians attacked and

almost wiped out the entire fort. Three days later on the trail she noticed smoke going up into the air.

"Some signals I can read," said grandpa. "Says to all other Indians that woman with children and old man is to be protected. She bakes good cakes and pies. Buy them. Do not steal from her."

The next day a group of Indians came up to her. She baked pies and the little Indian children and her children picked fresh berries.

"When you come back," said Chief Matona, "You show my squaw how to make such pies."

Onward to the West they went. One day they were stopped by Jim Donnelly and his raiders. She didn't give him a chance to speak.

"I have only three apple pies left. Want to buy them?"

Which he did and paid her very well. She never knew he and his men had just raided the bank at Thomasville. In fact it seems to be the only time that this western desperado ever paid for anything in his entire life. The next day she met some buffalo hunters. In exchange for some cakes she received a supply of fresh meat and gold. It took her three days to reach the army post at Danesport. There she rested and renewed her supply of flour.

"I just can't believe it," admitted Lieutenant Blanton. "You got here unharmed. You must have a charmed life."

Onward she went with the western coast getting closer. And the sales of her cakes and pies mounting. When they came to a stream, Grandpa went fishing. And that is how the idea of fresh fish pies came into existence. She was the first person to think them up. Never mind what others might say about the matter. She soon learned that her fame had preceded her. This took place when a group of Indian scouts came up to her wagon.

"We want 5 apple pies and two fish pies," they told her. "Then we take you to Indian village. They want to buy also."

She really didn't have to get to the western coast. With her pies and cakes she could have made peace between the Red man and the White man. But Washington didn't as yet know of her existence. And then she came to Fort Haley.

"Glad you arrived, here we are all waiting for your pies and cakes," said the Commanding officer. "We are going to hold a pow-wow. Instead of smoking the pipe of peace we will eat your pies."

When she arrived in California she had a lot of money with her. She set up her bakery. And today, her great great granddaughter is the president of "Pauline Paulsen's Pies." Go try one.





D-1979

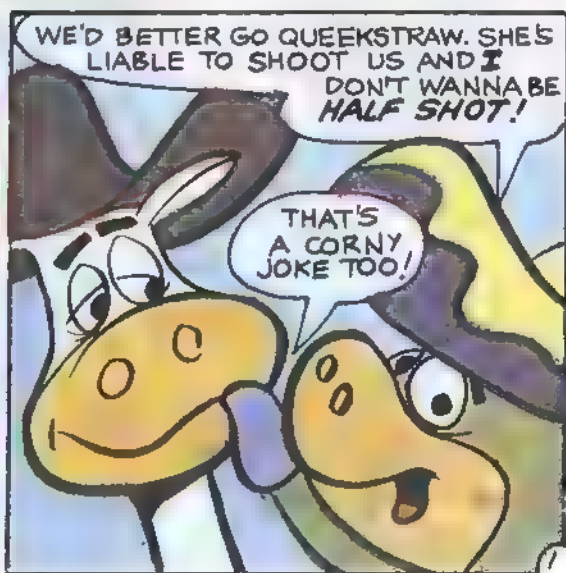
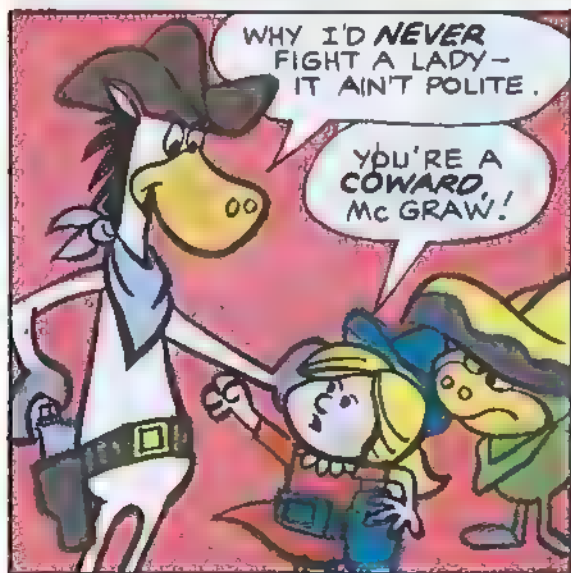




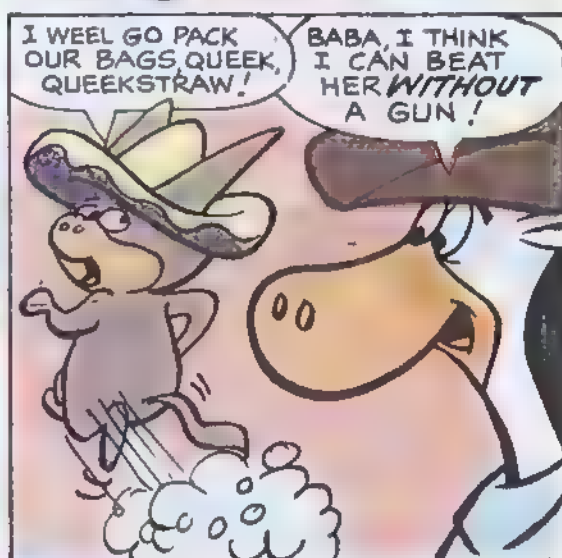
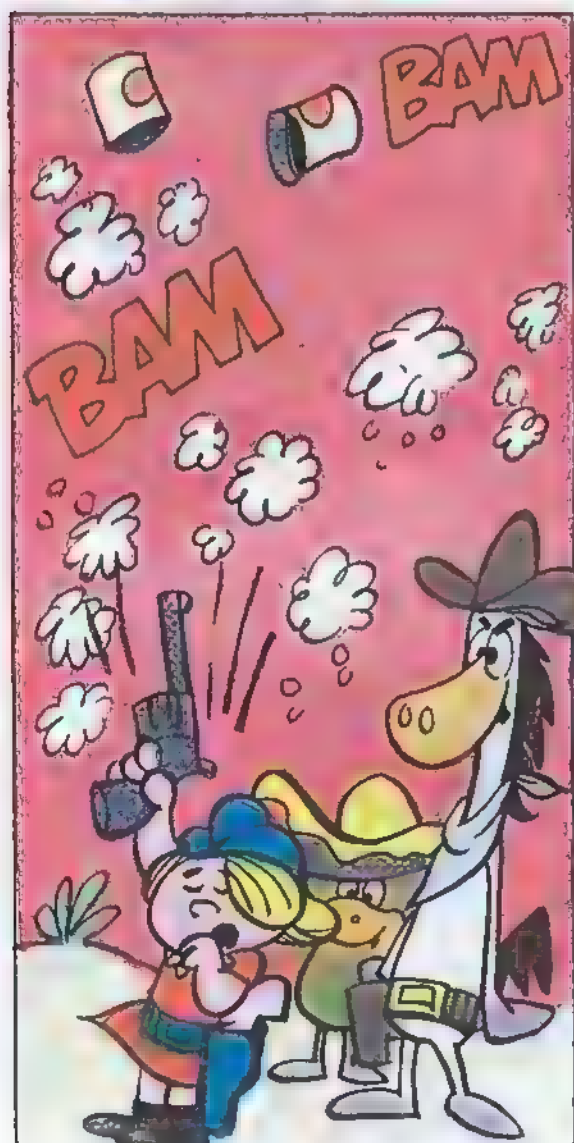
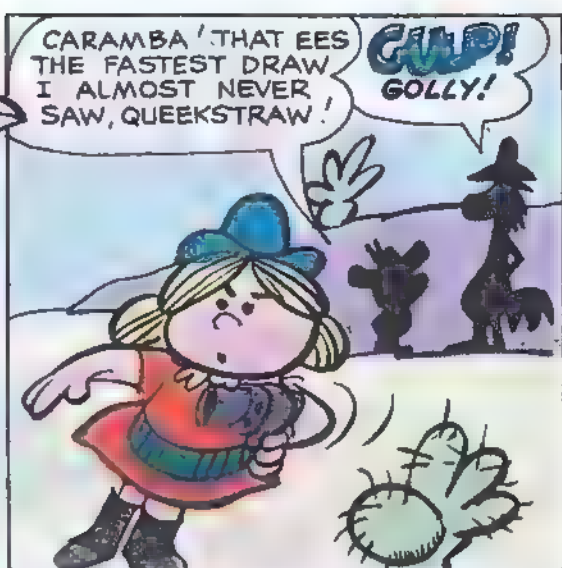
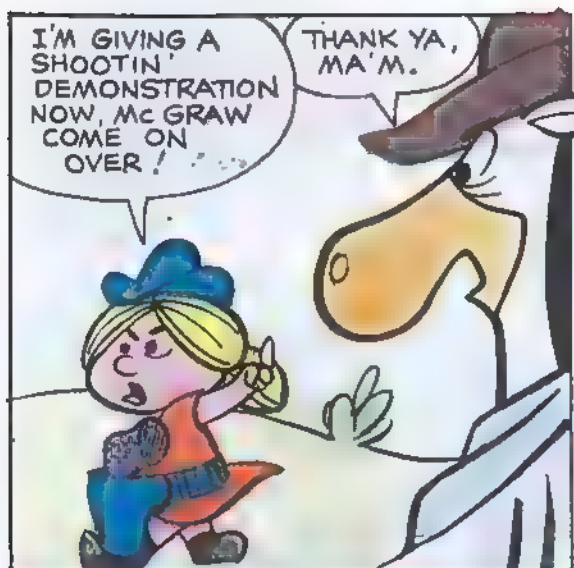
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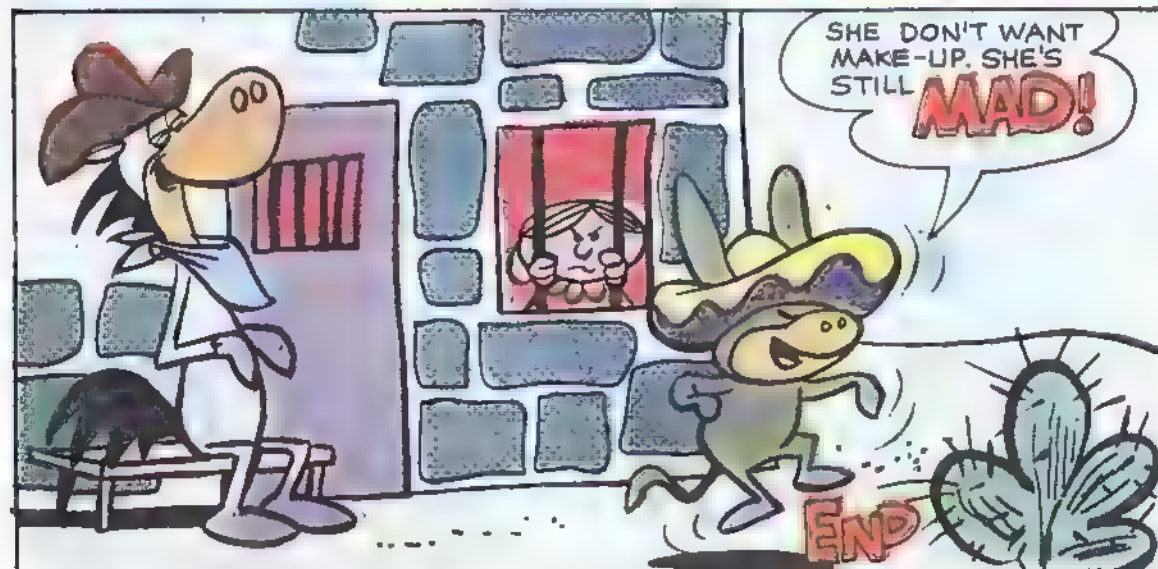
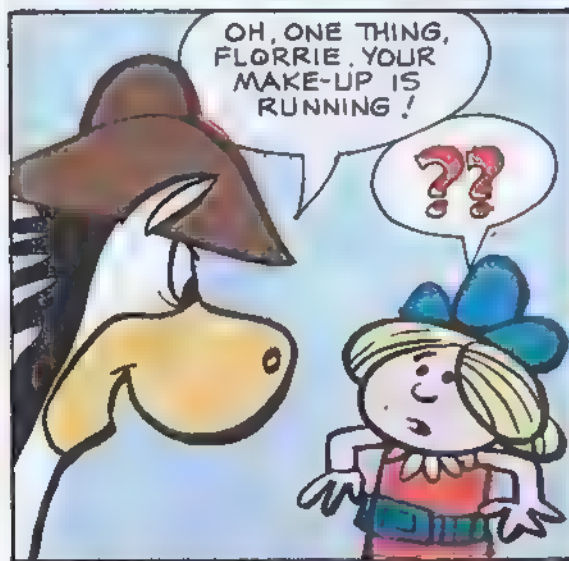
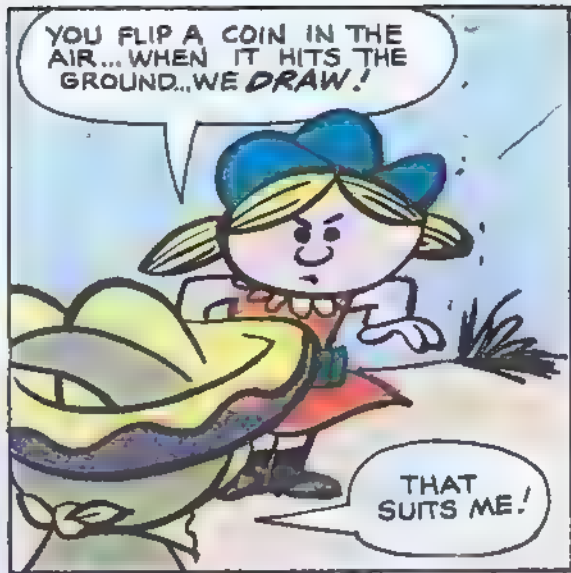
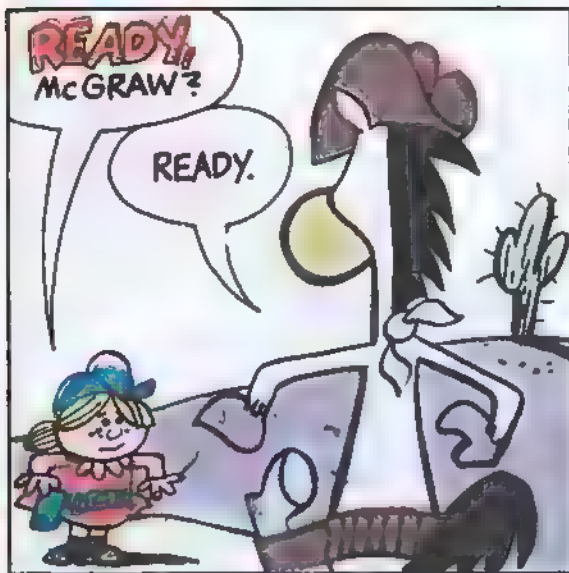
# LADIES' DAY



















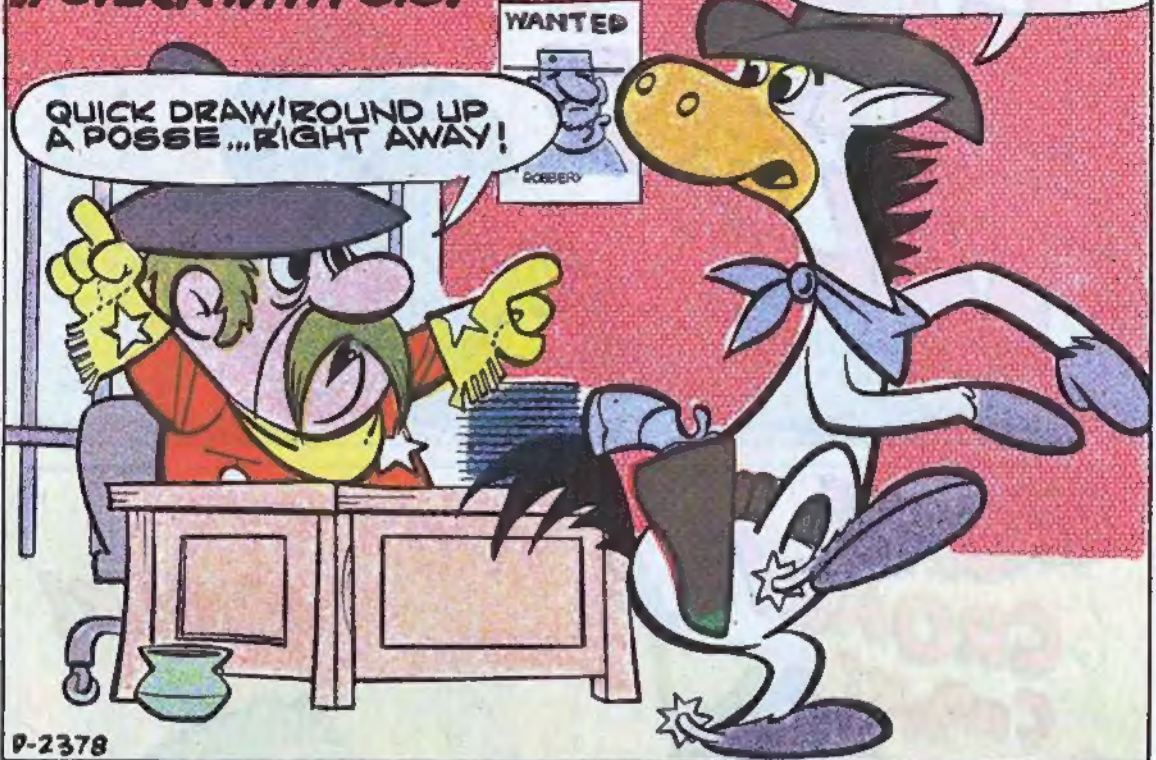






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in **STUCK WITH SIS!**



P-2378

